By drunken propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.
And if king Edward be as true and iuſt
As *I* am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewd vp,
About adroheſie which ſaies that G,
Of Eedwards heires the murtherer ſhall bee.
*D*iue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Here *C*larence comes, *a guard of men.*
Brother, good day es, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?
Cla. His maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath ap-
*T*his conduct to conuey me to the *T*ower. (pointed
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is George.
Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
*T*hat you ſhall be new chriſtned in the *T*ower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when *I* know, for *I* proteſt
As yet *I* do not, but as *I* can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of *G*eorge begins with G,
*I*t followes in his thought that I am he.
*T*heſe as *I* learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now.
Glo. *W*hy this it is when men are rulde by women,
*T*is not the king that ſends you to the *T*ower,
My Lady *G*ray his wife, Clarence tis ſhee
*T*hat tempts him to this extremitie:
*W*as it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony woodvile her brother there,
*T*hat made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
*W*e are not ſafe Clarence, we are not ſafe,

Cla. *B*y heauen *I* thinke there is no man ſecurde
*B*ut the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
*T*hat trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe Shoare:
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuerie?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
*I*f we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuery.
The iealous oreworne widow and her ſelfe,
*S*ince that our brother dubd them gentlewomen,
Are mightie goſſips in this monarchy.
Bro. *I* beſeech your graces both to pardon me:
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
*O*f what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euē ſo & pleaſe your worſhip *B*rokenbury,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the king
*I*s wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous.
We ſay that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes.
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue naught to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe Shore. *I* tel thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone.
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. *H*er huſband knaue, wouldſt thou betray me?
Bro. *I* beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and with all for-
Your conference with the noble *D*uke. (beare
Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, *I* will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow ſiſter,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22317) LONDON, 1605 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.49) Octavo